

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Steeple BLACK JACK

WESTERN



OCT.

10¢

NO. 30



IN THIS ISSUE:
THE CHAMELEON KID!

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Every effort is made to ensure that these daily magazines
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W. J. Siler, Jr., President

REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

Rocky Lane

THE CHAMELEON KID

CHAPTER ONE - DEATH SETS A TRAP!



IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME, ROCKY LANE HAS CROSSED THE TRAIL OF MANY A WILY GUNSLICK... AND TAUGHT HIM TO RESPECT THE LAW... SET HOW THE FIGHTING GUNSMAN MUST MEET WITH AND SURVIVE WITH THE MOST DANGEROUS COMBINATION OF DEADLY TROOPS THE WEST HAS EVER KNOWN
THE CHAMELEON KID!

IT'S ONE NIGHT, SECRET
JOSHUA, ROCKY LANE RIDES
THROUGH THE SADDLE MOUNTAIN
COUNTRY.

FASTER, BLACK JACK!
I WANT TO GET TO
DEERHORN TOWN!
THE TOWNS THE
CENTER OF ALL THE
TROUBLE THAT'S BEEN
REPORTED IN THIS
AREA!



NAH! THERE'S A FIRE DOWN
THERE IN THAT DEERHORN TOWN!
THAT'S A
STRANGE SPOT FOR A CAMP
WITH DEERHORN SO CLOSE!



A WHISKEY-LOOKING BUCK
AND WHISKEY AND DEERHORN--
TWO OF THE WORST ASSHOLE
IN THE TERRITORY! NO BETTER
CHANCE ON THIS!



BOCK STEPS INTO THE FREIGHT--

WELL, WELL! ROCKY
LANE! TOWNS!
IN SADDLE! WHAT
CAN WE DO FOR
YOU?



JUST ANSWER A FEW
QUESTIONS, BUCK! I'M
SAD OF COURAGE ABOUT WHY
YOU AND BOCK HAVE
STAYED SO FAR FROM YOUR
REAL, SCUMPIED, SCUMPIED!



YOU ASKED YOUR
QUESTION, LAWMAN!
NOW HERE'S YOUR
ANSWER!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS!
WE'VE GOT TO GO!
LET'S GET HIM!



THAT'S PRETTY LONG ODDS, BUT
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO ACCOM-
DATE YOU BOYS!

WHAM



ST WITHOUT NARRING--

OKAY, LANE!
YOU'RE
FINISHED!

ZAM



ONE SHOT IN BOMB TO SETTLE WITH LAME JACK AND FOR ALL!

EASY, BP! IF YOU KILL HIM, THERE HELLS WILL COME WITH LAMMERS... AND THE BOSS WON'T LIKE THAT!



BEHOLD, LAME JACK WON'T BE ANY THREAT! NO ONE'S BEEN ABLE TO GET A THING ON US SINCE OUR NEW BOSS SHOWED US HOW TO OPERATE THE SHARPEST WAY!

ALSO YOU'VE RIGHT! WELL, LET'S STAY AWAY... I WANT TO BE FAR AWAY FROM THAT HORROR NAMED BP.



IT'S ALMOST DARK WHEN ROCKY COMES TO!

MY HEAD'S SPITTING, BUT I'D BETTER SPIN AFTER THAT BANG! WITH SISTERS AND SAVED, AMONG THEM, THOSE COWBOYS ARE UP TO NO GOOD!



BUT IN THE ROCKY COUNTRY, THE SILENT MARSHAL SHOWS THE TALK, AND --

IT'S NO USE GOING FURTHER SINCE, IN NO DOUBT, TO OVERFORM, I AGREE AS WELL WITH THE AUTHORITIES THERE.



BUT AS THE LOCAL SHERIFF LISTENS TO ROCKY'S STORY --

WE'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT OUTLAW ANY MORE, LAME! WE'RE OUT SINCE HEADACHE'S NOW! WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WORST DAY SPILL, WE'VE BEEN HAD! IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE WE'VE HAD RAIN!



OUR CATTLE ARE SPARK LIKE RUB! ALL THE HERDS HAVE BEEN HIT HARD AND IF FROM RANCHES ARE SHIPPED, SO IN THIS TOWN!

SOUNDS RIGHT! BUT THEIR SUFFERING THAT CAN BE DONE!



NOT MUCH EXCEPT WANT AND MORE! BUT WE'RE THINKING OF HIRING A RANGEMAN! IN FACT THEY'RE MEETING ABOUT IT NOW AT THE HOTEL, I WANT TO COME ALONG!

SURE, I HEARD ABOUT THESE RANGEMEN, BUT I NEVER DID SEE ONE!

THE BETTER

AS I UNDERSTAND IT, PROBABLY, THE TOTAL PUTS UP TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TEN... ONE

CORRECT: IF I HAD \$100, I COULD
 HAVE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS,
 BUT IF I HAD TWO THOUSAND, I'LL
 CORRECT ME MYSELF!

WELL, THAT'S
SOME ENOUGH!
I'VE GOT THE
MONEY TO
TO LIVE - WE'VE
HAVE OUR MONEY
IN THE BANK.
TOMORROW
MORNING.

FIVE - HEARD MY
 THUNDER. I'D
 BETTER GET SOMETHING
 NOW. OH -- I HAVE
 A LOT OF GUILT.
 WENT TO HAVE A

THE NEXT MORNING, BOBBY FOLLOWS THE LOCAL CITIZENS OUT OF TOWN TO WATCH THE RACECOURSE.

WOMEN ARE THE
KEY TO THE
FUTURE OF
THE WORLD

CONSIDER, JAY, HE
DON'T WANT THOSE, HE'S
GONNA MAKE IT
SURE THAT WHYY,
GONNA HE T' COME
ON, I DON'T WANT
TO SEE THAT.

ALL REPORTS
PREPARED BY
BUT NOT LIMITED TO
INTERVIEW, POLICE
AND OTHER

JOHN A. ANDERSON, president,
ALLIANCE FOR THE PRO-CHOICE
CAUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. WE'VE GOT THE MONEY LOANED UP SAFELY IN THE BANK, RIGHT?

EXCELLENT! THEN IT IS ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME! I WANT NOT FOR THE AGENT REPEATED ARGUMENT TO SAVE THE FASHION!

1. **Introduction**

OKAY, POP! LET'S MOVE FAST!
WE'VE GOT ONLY A FEW MINUTES
TO GET UP THE ORANGE!

YEH!
AND THEN
THAT TEN
THOUSAND
% COST!





BANKER!
RAW, HAW,
HAW!



THAT WAS THE SARGENT
THROWING THIS TOWN OVER,
POCKED UP! THAT BANKER
HONOR! MUST BE PLAIN
LOOK!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF! THROW
AS MONEY SAYS LIKE THAT
JUST DON'T MAKE SENSE!
I WILL I KNEW THE BANKER!



BUT BACK IN TOWN --

SHERIFF, BUNCH! SOME
CHUCKLEBROS. BLASTED INTO THE
BANK AND BLASTED THE TOWN!
THEY'VE GOT ALL THE MONEY
WE PUT UP FOR THE
COUNCILORS!

GOAT FI!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND
ROCKY! IT TAKES A
SIGHTLY POWERFUL BLAST
TO GET THAT SAFE OPEN!
WE SHOULD HAVE HEARD
IT EVEN IF ON THE HILL!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
BUT WITH THE
PROFESSOR'S
CANNON GOING
OFF... MMH!



HEY,
ROCKY!
WHERE'RE
YOU GOING?

TO CHECK UP ON THAT BANKER,
SHERIFF. SEEMS TO ME HE WAS
A LITTLE TOO CAREFUL ABOUT HIS
THINGS WHEN HE POKED THOSE
CANNONS!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, ON A SIDE TRAIL --

JUST AS I THOUGHT, THESE
DISCARDED CLOTHES AND
ABANDONED CANNONS TELL
THAT THE BANKER WAS
IN CHARGE WITH THE GANG
WHO BLASTED THE BANK!



LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! MAYBE HE'LL RECKON THAT BRACK OFF GORRO! HE WON'T EXPECT ANYONE TO FOLLOW HIM!



WHAT DID I TELL YOU, KID? THAT GUY, LANE, PICKED UP OUR TRAIL IN NOTHING FLAT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BP! FOR A LAMMIE, LANE'S PRETTY CLEVER! BUT THIS TIME HE'S TALKING WITH THE CHAMELEON KID! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS NOW!



JUST THEN!

HOLD IT, BLACK JACK! LOOKS AS IF THOSE HORSEES GOTTED A HOLE OF MONEY WHILE THEY AIDED THEIR DEARNEY!



THAT'S TOO MUCH MONEY TO LEAVE LYING AROUND! COOSA!



A TEAP!



OH I JUST FINISHED SAYING, THE CHAMELEON KID IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE BEST LAMMIE THAT EVER LIVED!

YOU SURE TROCKED HIM, CRAP!



CRASH! HERE'S A SHEET IN A SACK! AND THAT LINE IS STARTING TO GIVE! WITH JUDGE TOP IS HERE I CAN IN!

IS THIS THE PRIZE FOR THE MOON-JAIL BACET WILSHAW? I'LL BOOY LANE DOWNED TO FLAME TO HIS DEATH ON THE ROCKS-AWOPPED OF PEET BOOY! I READ CHAPTER 2 OF THE CHAMELEON KID!

SAGEBRUSH



SEE?



SPECIAL OFFER!

**YOU...
CAN GET
"ROCKY'S"**



**PICTURE WITH "BLACK JACK"
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!**

SEND FOR IT TODAY!

Include this coupon and \$25 for one LARGE photo of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to you personally.

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NAME: _____

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(If you want 3 LARGE photos of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" all autographed to you personally, enclose \$1.00 Address: ROCKY LANE, 4024 North Bedford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.)



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NOT SOLD IN STORES

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WHAT A BARGAIN!

15¢ NEVER BOUGHT SO MANY COMIC BOOKS BEFORE!

Think of it! Here's your chance to get 8 brand new 32 page, full color, pocket size Walt Disney comic books for just 15¢ and a Wheaties boxtop.

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32 ACTION PACKED
PAGES IN EVERY
BOOK!

WHEATIES

"Breakfast of Champions"







ROCKY LAKE WESTERN





REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

Rocky Lane

and
THE CHAMELEON KID
CHAPTER TWO - DOOM IN THE DARKNESS

FROM ABOVE THE
CANYON FLOOR,
ROCKY LAKE FACES
CERTAIN DEATH!

THAT
BARK'S GOING
TO BREAK OFF
ANY MINUTE!
THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING I
CAN DO!

CRACK

BY SWINGING LIKE A PENDU-
LUM, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO
REACH THE TRUNK OF
THAT TREE!

THAT WAS CLOSE! I'LL NEED
ONE MORE TRY, BUT I DON'T
KNOW IF THAT BARKEN WILL
HOLD!

MADE IT!
AND JUST
IN TIME!

CRACK!

MESSENGER: ACROSS THE CANYON.

LAME'S BOY
MORE LIVES
THAN A CAT!
COME ON!
LET'S GO
BACK AND
GET HIM!

RELAX, KID!
AFTER THAT
CLOSE SHAVE, I
DOUBT I'LL
BEY SHAKING
WITH THE
CHAMBERLAIN KID
AGAIN!



BUT, BOOM!
THAT MONSTER
IS TIGHTER
THAN A DIN
OF BRIDLES
WHEN HE GETS
SHAKED! I
WELL TRACK
HE DOWN
AGAIN FOR
SURE!

IF HE DOES
HE'LL FIND THE
CHAMBERLAIN KID
READY FOR HIM!
COME ON—
LET'S RIDE!
OUR NEXT JOB
IS WAITING!



BUT ROCKY DOESN'T SEEM
FANCY AND SHARP ENOUGH
FOR FOLLOWING THE TRAIL
SHREDDER!

KEEP MOVING, BLACK JACK!
THERE'S A VAGON UP AHEAD!
MAKIN' THE DRIVER SAW THE
COWBOYS WERE TRACKING
DOWN!



ROCKY HEADS OFF THE WAGON AND...

A MESSAGE?

WHY, SURE I SAW THEM MONSTERS!
SAY, IF YOU'RE THAT ROCKY LAKE
THEY SAID WERE
TRACKING THEM,
THEY LEFT THIS
MESSAGE
FOR YOU!



LAME'S
SAYS HE'LL
BE BACK FOR YOU
WHEN YOU
CAN MAKE IT
TO THE
COTTONWOODS
AND WE'LL
BE THERE TO
MEET YOU!
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THE
MONSTERS!
THEY'LL
BE THERE TO
MEET YOU!
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THE
MONSTERS!
THEY'LL
BE THERE TO
MEET YOU!

SO HE
CALLS HIM-
SELF THE
CHAMBERLAIN
KID!

IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, THE CHAMBERLAIN'S A
LEADER THAT CHARGES HIMSELF TO BRACE-
DETENTION! BUT NO MATTER HOW
HIGH IT CHARGES TO GOON,
IT'S STILL A CRAWLING
REPTILE!



WHICH IS
THE WAY TO
COTTONWOOD?

WELL, WE AND OTHER RED HAWK,
MY FRIEND, LET'S GO ON TO
GET ON A SADDLE THERE TONIGHT
YOU CAN FOLLOW US IN!









ROCKY LANE WESTERN

DEARIE, THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN HAVE RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS!



BUT UNSUSPECTED BY ALL, RIT-A-WATER, ONE OF THE OUTLAW'S IS STILL IN TOWN!



OUT OF HUNT THE ONLY ONE SHOOTING FOR ROCKY...



IS THIS THE END FOR THE FAMOUS ROCKY LANE?

WILL A BULLET BRING ABOUT THE END OF A DEBATED ALIYWAY AND HIS CAREER?

READ ON FOR CHAPTER 2 OF THE COMPLETION AND!



ROPING 'N' RIDING With

ALLAN *Rocky* LANE

AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH BIRDSTONE,
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

BOWEN, PARTNERS.

IF BLACK JACK AND I SEEN A LITTLE TREE, IT'S BECAUSE WE'VE JUST COME BACK FROM THE FORTY FIVE. AND A BUNNY GOOD TIME WE HAD. TOO. I WAS SURE HAPPY TO SEE WILL POSTER WALK OFF WITH ALL THE GOOD PRIZES HE DID. THERE'S A REAL STORY BEHIND THAT.

YOU SEE, WILL POSTER TOOK OVER THE OLD FARMING PLACE, A PARCEL OF LAND ALL THE OTHER FARMERS SAID WAS BAD BARREN LAND AND EVEN WORSE FOR RAISING GOOD STOCK. BUT WILL POSTER TRIED WORKING IT THE WAY HIS PREDECESSORS HAD. TILL HE SAW HE WASN'T GETTING ANYWHERE. THEN HE LISTENED TO THE OTHER FARMERS AND LEARNED THAT HE'D GENTLY ASK TO THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE FOR THE LATEST METHODS AND CHEMICALS ON SOIL TREATMENT. THE OTHER FARMERS ALL MOVED IN DISGUST. THEY SAID THERE WAS NO ONE WHO TO FARM A PIECE OF LAND AND IF IT DIDN'T WORK, THE LAND WAS JUST FILLED NO GOOD.

WELL, WILL GOT THE MATERIAL HE WANTED FROM THE GOVERNMENT AND BEGAN USING IT TRYING TO GIVE HIS LAND NEW LIFE. ROTATING THE CROPS AND OTHER METHODS. IT WAS SLOW AND FOR A LONG TIME THERE WAS NOTHING TO SHOW. THE OTHER FARMERS WOULD GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO RIDICULE WILL. THEN ONE SEASON HE STARTED COMING UP WITH SOME FINE CROPS. THE OTHERS CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT. WILL BEGAN RAISING BETTER CROPS EVERY SEASON... BETTER THAN ANYONE'S, BUT THE OTHERS COULDN'T STICK TO THEIR OLD METHODS OF FARMING. TILL THIS WEEK WHEN WILL WALKED AWAY WITH NEARLY EVERY PRIZE AT THE FAIR. NOW INSTEAD OF LAUGHING, THEY'RE TRYING TO WILL TELL THEM OF THE NEWER METHODS OF FARMING AND SOIL CARE.

SO YOU SEE, PARTNERS, IF YOU'RE PROGRESSIVE AND NOT AFRAID OF USING NEW, IMPROVED DISCOVERIES, YOU'LL WALK UP FAR AHEAD OF THOSE WHO LAGGED AT YOU. AND YOU'LL WALK OUT AT THE HEAD OF THE CROWD. BUT NOW, BLACK JACK, AND I'LL BE BRAGGING ON. WE'LL BE TALKING ABOUT ALL OF YOU THE TIME THE NEXT MONTH. GOOD EVENING, PARTNERS!

YOUR FELL,

Allen Rocky Lane
AND BLACK JACK

FIRST PRIZE
AWARDED TO
WILL POSTER



"TILT AND SEE PICTURE MOVE!"

FREE at no extra cost
PLASTIC
MAGIC
MOVING PICTURE
EYE



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Starring in
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"An American in Paris"
Color by Technicolor



JANE POWELL
Co-starring in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"Bliss, Young and
Frosty"
Color by Technicolor



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NO MONEY! NO WAITING!

ONE IN EVERY BOX OF



*Applies to U.S. packages only. In Canada, see package for special offers.

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KELLOGG
COMPANY

GRIZZLY GUARDIAN

By Dick Kross



YOUNG TIM DUNBAR was scared. He was so scared, that the palms of his hand grew moist and slippery'st garant she wore stock of his father's Remington.

Every forest sound became a threat that made him whirl about and sent his hair rising like a porcupine's quills. He had a right to be scared, for old One-Ear was a killer grizzly—a giant bear that had been slaying ranch stock for the past five years. Every attempt to trap or poison Old One-Ear, or to run him down with hounds, had failed! Cunning and voracious, the huge grizzly had continued to live in the Snow Peak mountain country—and to live at his pleasure, off the sheep and steers of the nearby ranches.

And now—at last—Tim Dunbar, son of a local rancher, had discovered Old One-Ear's hide-out. He crouched, looking at it. It was a deep, dark, evil-smelling crevice in a rock cliff-side, strewn all about with gnarled bones. Before it, the youth saw the clearly-marked prints of a bear—a grizzly as large that they could only have been made by Old One-Ear! The prints were fresh, but there was no other sign of the presence of the killer beast. Evidently, he was away, on a hunting foray.

"And I've found his den," whispered Tim Dunbar to himself.

"I'll be able to tell my dad and the cowboys, and they'll set an ambush for him. Our stock will be safe at last!"

Turning away, Tim Dunbar started down the mountain slope. He would have to get help . . . and hunt!

But, no sooner had he gone a quarter-mile down the slope, than he halted. His keen eyes had caught a glimpse of a pile of stones to the side of the trail he was following. They looked strange—as if they had been placed that way recently—by human hands! Quickly, he hurried over to the unusual clump, and started to lift the top rocks off. Reaching the ground level, he uncovered a heavy canvas packet with the letters, "P. and M." marked faintly on it.

"P . . . and M . . ." Tim stared to himself, fumbling with the packet in an attempt to open it. "Why, that must mean the Plains and Mountain Stage! They had a bad holding down on the highway last week. I wonder . . ."

Swiftly, he tore the packet open and thrust his hand inside.

His eyes grew wide as he felt the contents of the packet, and drew them forth into the light.

"Greenbacks!" It was more money than Tim had ever seen before in his life. "The money from the stage! I reckon the robbers had to hide it here for a while, figuring they couldn't risk a get-away right after the robbery. But what'll I do with it now? If I try to go down to the ranch with it now, they may see me . . ."

He clutched the packet full of money to his chest, his thoughts racing. If only there was a place he could hide the money temporarily . . . a place he knew would be safe! Where could he put it? Then the idea came to him, and he started back up the mountainside.

Half an hour later, Tim hurried back down the slope toward his father's ranch. He had to find his dad and to tell him about the two things he had discovered! Old One-Ear's den—and the loot from the recent stage holding . . .

But suddenly, as Tim Dunbar crossed a shade-covered stretch of mountainside, he saw two men approaching, coming out from behind a huge boulder. They were big men, unknown, and they were heavily armed. They eyed Tim with suspicion and separated, as by mutual consent, as he came near them. Then, when he was but a few steps away, they closed in on him.

"Howdy, kid," one of them began. "Where've you been? Hunting deer?"

"N-no!" stammered the rancher's son, feeling the menace in the older man's voice. "I was h-berry picking."

"B-berry, eh?" the big stranger asked. "You didn't see anything else, did you? Anything . . . hidden?" He kept his keen eyes on Tim's face, and he saw the boy change ex-

pression. "Anything like a packet hidden under some stones?"

The boy began to flush, and he realized that his face was giving him away, under the stranger's suspicious questioning. He could not hide the truth from the men! And, if they knew about the money packet, they had to be the holdup men. Quickly, imperceptibly he began to bring the Remington up! They would not take him without a fight.

"Grab him!" one of the men shouted. They dove toward Tim, one man seizing the rifle in an iron grasp, and the other catching the boy by the shoulder and hurling him to the ground.

"Get up!" the man said, pointing the rifle at him.

"The easy talkin' is over! Now we mean business. Soon as we saw you skeddaddling down out of the hole, we knew you'd spotted our cache. Now, did you leave it where it was or did you hide it?" Tim Dunbar was silent. "Quick!" the man granted, slapping the boy sharply across the face. "Where is it? Talk up!"

Flinching from the savage, cutting blow, Tim realized it was no use trying to hide the truth. These outlaws would stop at nothing to recover their hidden loot. He'd have to show them where the money packet was.

"E-top," he muttered. "I'll tell you. I found the money—and I hid it. I reckoned I'd tell my dad—"

—and he'd tell the sheriff, eh?" broke in one of the outlaws. "Not by a long sight! You're taking us to it . . . now!"

Tim Dunbar had no choice. Single file, he led the two badmen up the slope. As he walked, he could feel the rifle pointing at his back—and he felt a desperate drive to fling himself to the side, in an attempt to escape. But he knew that he could not move more than a few steps before they would gun him down. Soon the youth and the two men passed by the littered cairn, where the cache packet had been. One of the outlaws swore bitterly, but the other man quieted him.

"Keep going, kid," he said. "And hurry." Soon, they approached the dark crevice in the cliffside that Tim Dunbar had seen earlier. He pointed toward the entrance to the cave.

"There it is," he said. "Inside there."

The outlaw pointed with the Remington. "Go in and get it," he muttered. "We'll wait here."

Hesitatingly, Tim started into the evil-smelling den. At first, he had thought it was a good idea to throw the packet in here. He had figured his main would dare come close to the cave of Old One-Ear, until his father and his men killed the giant grizzly. And then, they'd have been able to reclaim the packet. He reached out a trembling hand and touched the canvas. Clenching it, he started to turn, when he heard a tremendous, searing roar! It was the fighting cry of Old One-Ear!

Creeching and looking out, he saw a terrifying sight!

The huge bear had been lurking in the underbrush, and had suddenly charged, from a short distance toward the men who had invaded his territory! In a few giant paces, he crashed down and leaped out at them with a tooth-and-claw attack. One of the men was immediately thrown to the ground, the rifle dashed from his grip, and then the bear lunged toward the other man.

Wide-eyed, Tim Dunbar saw the Remington dropping to the ground by the cave entrance! It represented his only chance—and it was a slim one. But he had to take it . . .

Seizing the rifle, shooting from a crouched position in the mouth of the cave, he aimed up at the enraged grizzly. The gun thundered like a cannon in the confined space, and slammed back against his shoulder like a sledge hammer. But he shot again and again, aiming at the grizzly's throat and head. At the first shot, Old One-Ear had staggered. Baring his long yellowed fangs, he had turned from his other victims toward the boy. But, as he lumbered forward, bullet after bullet had shredded into him! And finally, when he was scant inches from the boy, he staggered forward and fell—dead!

TIM DUNBAR rose, the rifle in one hand, and the canvas packet in the other. Old One-Ear lay at his side—and the two outlaws were moaning on the ground, seriously wounded.

The boy shook his head slowly. "When I started out this morning," he said, "I aimed to do a little berry picking!" He shook his head. "Two outlaws and a killer grizzly add up to a lot of berries! Great Day!" Then he started to run down to his father's ranch.

THE END

REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

Rocky Lane

and THE CHAMELEON RID

CHAPTER THREE - THE GOLD RAID

I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY ABOUT THIS. I WISH I HADN'T THOUGHT THE GANGS ROCKY LANE WOULD TIE UP WITH A GANG OF THIEVING OWLBOOTS!

WE KNEW, BARBER, I SWEAR, THAT WE WERE WRONG IN SHOOTING HIM AND ASKING QUESTIONS AFTER!

IN THE GULL SHANGHAI, A BULLET-SCARRED GUY LIES IN THE ALLEYWAY

HEY, BARBER! THIS MAN HURT LANE!

HAYDIE, LOOKING FOR HIM?

ROCKY CAME! BUT I THOUGHT--

ELLY, GUY, I LET'S TALK THE CHIEF!

EXPLANATIONS FOLLOW SWIFTLY AND

IT'S OF BARBER, ONE OF THE GANG, WE MUST HAVE SPOTTED HIM WHEN I CAME UP THE ALLEY AFTER THEM!

YOU! I THOUGHT I SAW SOME-ONE WIP OUT OF THAT SIDE DOOR JUST BEFORE WE REED OUR GANG! YOU'RE RIGHTLY LUCKY, ROCKY!





NOT THE WAY I PLAN TO HANDLE IT! I'M RIDING INTO BUFFALO CREEK DISGUISED AS A PROSPECTOR! TELL EVERYONE I JUST MADE A TERRIFIC GOLD STRIKE IN PINK CANYON!



IF I KNOW HUMAN NATURE, EVERY MAN IN THAT TOWN WILL SWAMP ME FOR PINK CANYON.

AND THE GOLD TRAIL GARDEN, TOO, IS THAT IT?



RIGHT! THEN WHEN THE TOWN IS CLEAR, WE COME IN AND TAKE OVER THE GOLD TRAIL! IT'S AS EASY AS THAT!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! NOW THAT'S SETTLED. LET'S HAVE SOME LUNCH!

A PRETTY CLEVER PLAN, BUT IF I HANDLE THIS RIGHT, THE CHALLENGER WILL GET QUITE A GOOD TON OF BURNED CRACK!



LATE THAT NIGHT, A SHADY FIGURE SLIPS AWAY FROM THE OUTLIER CAMP.



A GOOD THING THOSE GUARDS ARE AWAKE!

WE'RE IN THE CLEAR NOW! BUT NO BETTER WAGGON IF WE GO ON TO GET BACK TO THE WAGON OUT BEFORE PINK ARRIVES!



HEY GUYS, DOWN THE TRAIL --



THAT'S THE SPOT THE SHLUFF TOLD ME ABOUT... THE CUTTING-EDGE TREE AT THE FORK.





CHIEF, BOYS! SOUND OF THOSE
HORN! AND LET'S GET
GOING!

TWEET!



SOMETHING'S GONE
BERRING! THE SHERRIFF
AND HIS MEN SHOULD
BE TAKING A HAND
IN THIS NOW!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, BOY?
ANYTHING WRONG?



WRONG?
ER...NO,
BOSS!

THEN LET'S GET MOVING!
I WANT TO GET BACK INTO
THE HILLS BEFORE WE'RE
SPOTTED!



AND THE GANG HEADS INTO THE HILLS...

WOULDN'T WANT TO HAPPEN TO THE
SHERRIFF? I CAN'T LET THEM
GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL
HAVE TO DO SOMETHING
BY MY OWN!

SOMETHING'S GONE
BERRING! BOSS!
LANE?



AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME,
ROCKY LANE, ARRIVED.

SURPRISED:
EH? WE'VE
HAD YOU
SHOT FOR EVER
SINCE LAST
WINTER WHEN
YOU SHERRIFF
GET ON
CASE!

YEAH! WORRY
BACK THE NEW
YER. DROPPED
YOURSELF IN A
GUN FIGHT!
GUT OFF THAT
HORSE! I TOLD
YOU AND THAT
YOU DO!



IF YOU'RE WAITING
FOR THE SHERRIFF
TO SHOW UP,
YOU'LL BE DIS-
APPOINTED! WE
WANT A FEW
LITTLE MORE
YOU LEFT IN
THE HOLLOW
TOWN!

YEAH! TALK
TO YOUR
PEARS!
HARRIS!
SAY YOUR
PEARS!



LET'S SADDEN...

BANG!
BANG!

EEEYOW!

MY HAND!



gopher face

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